

# Spirit of the Age.

A Family Newspaper—Devoted to Temperance, Morality, Literature, Agriculture and General Intelligence.  
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Original Story.  
Written for the Spirit of the Age— Raleigh.  
THE TORY'S DAUGHTER,  
And the Haunted Cave.  
BY WILL. WILLOWILL.

CHAPTER I.  
He who first met the highland's swelling blue,  
Will love each peak that shows a kindred hue;  
Hail in each crag a friend's familiar face,  
And clasp the mountain in the mind's embrace.  
BYRON'S ISLAND.

Nature has abundantly endowed the western portion of North Carolina with these rare beauties of fitless magnificence so pleasing to the truly contemplative mind;—mounting the soul with lofty admiration and wonder at the gorgeous display spread upon the natural panorama of the grand and sublime works fresh from the chisel and brush of Nature; planned and finished in Her mysterious and hidden laboratory, long before the woodman's axe fell the valley tree; long before the mountain stag leaped from crag to crag; long before the Indian's fatal arrow sped whistling through the tangled brushwood; long before the shepherd's rural song rang 'mong the silent western hills.

The tourist leaving the bleached sea shore on the east, and directing his steps towards the setting sun, will not fail to observe the nice gradation of one table-land above another; of one sparkling rivulet after another gliding steadily away from the more elevated fountain head, bubbling out through a clear and crystal spring, gushing out from the cool mountain vein and gliding away, with a merry ripple, to pour its tribute at last into the wild bosom of the Ocean. He cannot fail to observe and to be struck with the regularity with which each progressive step places him higher and higher above the level of the sea; as he winds his way towards the mountain tops of western Carolina.

When his daily travel has placed him at the base of one of those natural pyramids that skirt the western boundary of the State, the novelty of the feat; the assurance of a vision of unsurpassed beauty and magnificence, that may be enjoyed and realized from the upper pinnacle, together with the sweet mountain display, that, in spring time, hangs so temptingly by the wayside, is generally sufficient to incite him to the arduous task of climbing from crag to crag, from rock to rock up the steep until the resting place is some smooth and moss-cushioned stone of the pinnacle, on whose sides the names of antecedent visitors are graven, as indestructible relics of their toil.

When fairly upon the mountain top a cool breeze fans the face, and his weary limbs are relieved, and his visual perception is refreshed by the prospect that stretches its rich and varied canvas away, away farther than the eye can follow it. On the one hand the country below him, though like he has traveled, is different here and there with a spire of curling smoke winding its way from a contented farmer's hearth up towards the clouds; there are rich harvest fields to ring their golden treasure in circling waves, like the sea when the landward breeze plays upon its watery bosom; there are seen little rivulets looking like silver wires twinkling in the sunbeams; a way many miles is seen a large farm, with its fields of grain yellow and ripe for the harvest, yet so far that it reminds one of a mammoth star set in the Emerald green of the waving forest and the great mansion where lives the owner, his many sons, his handsome daughters and his contented and happy servants look like a tiny spot in the centre. On the other hand the maj. sic Yad in River is seen lying apparently motionless, but the sluggish waves are moving so slowly and surely on in their serpentine billows as to bear like a vaporous spirit through which the bright beams of the rising sun struggle for the mastery, and finally, dance and p. number on the water's glassy surface, and reflect its rainbow colors on the laurel, the holly and the honey-suckle that hang like a variegated drape along its banks. In turning from front to rear, his admiring senses are greeted by towering cliffs, hung with mountain shrubs and vines, and whose mishapen out line presents a rude and romantic figure, as a rag beamed on crag in curious and its richly confusion, one upon another, with their black, gray rocks jutting out like huge crumpled through the green curtain that hangs around them like a living shroud. Seen in the distance, through the thick blue mist that usually hangs around them, they look like a city of fifty paces, mighty temples, in whose silent chambers dwells the Gold as Nature in solitary seclusion. One would think that Nature, in one of Her wildest moments of playful, high wrought fancy, had designed the magnificent architecture and executed the design regardless of law or order. The imagination colors strange pictures when the eye rests upon the huge, mishapen masses: with a little stretch of the imaginative powers they assume a variety of shapes and appearances: here one, seen in the distance, whose huge outline reminds us of some mammoth beast crouched as if ready for a fatal spring; there is a rude figure, away to the west, like a monster statue of a giant warrior, whose heron an artist had died ere his work was finished; just below us a deep and yawning chasm, dark as if bottomless, divides two confronting battlements of rugged hills, with their dark frowning overhang, and torn and shivered, as if they once strove with each other for the mastery; and when in the heat of a most deadly warfare, the fact of Omnipotence 'spoke, commanded, and they stood fast; even as they were in that day when their war, d with each other; away, almost as far as the eye can reach, we see a dark, blue top that seems to be stuck up against the sky, and as we look at it, we fancy it is shaped like a man's head in profile, and we fancy it looks like a head we have seen in a dream;—no, of an old good natured soul we once knew who was ever, in a jolly good cheer, laughing and cracking merry, good jokes for the season. Here and there an evergreen shrub hangs pendant from the crevices of a towering rock away up the steep side of a cliff, which adds an attractive variety to the winter scenery. A smoky fog in the morning usually envelops the proeminent of the peaks in its damp folds, hiding their spires from view until the new born sun casts his beams of light and sheds his warmth upon them, which dispels it like the darkness of night—ruling it slowly, and sluggishly down to the base where it sees off in curling waves along the deep ravines and finally disappears. Away in the distance at sunny noonday a long range of slender peaks, diversified in shape, may be seen darting up and dwindling away like so many sharp and towering cathedral spires piercing the sky's clear blue. It is not infrequently the case that clouds, repelled with rain, roll half way down the side of the lofty hills, and it frequently happens that the bases and ravines are deluged with torrents of rain, while the visitor on the pinnacle is basking in the exuberance of a golden sunshine; beneath the canopy of a clear, cerulean sky, and fanned and regaled by the gentle playings of a pure, healthy breeze—exhilarating and fragrant.

Connected with these old, gray rocks, of their localities are rich stores of thrilling incidents affording ample scope for the pen of the Biographer, the Historian, the Poet, the Novelist, and for the Artist and Philosopher, on which to play their pen and pencil, displaying their respective talents in the happy colors of liberty springing from the warm heart of the great American people had my reader been wandering in the region just alluded to, and had he directed his steps up one of the deep, dark ravines that plunge between the mountain hills on either side, and followed the

## Choice Literature.

### THE CHILD'S STORY.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

Once upon a time, a good many years ago, there was a traveller, and he sat out upon a journey. It was a magic journey, and was to seem very long when he began it, and very short when he got half way through.

He travelled along a rather dark path for some little time without meeting anything, until at last he came to a beautiful child—So he said to the child, 'What do you do here?'

And the child said, 'I am always at play. Come and play with me.'

So he played with that child the whole day long, and they were very merry. The sky was so blue, the sun was so bright, the water was so sparkling, the leaves were so green, the flowers were so lovely, and they heard such singing birds and saw so many butterflies, that everything was beautiful—This was in fine weather. When it rained, they loved to watch the falling drops, and to smell the fresh scents. When it blew, it was delightful to listen to the wind, and fancy what it said, as it came rushing from its home—where was it, they wondered!

Whistling and howling, and driving the clouds before it, bending the trees, rumbling in the chimneys shaking the house and making the sea roar in fury. But when it snowed, that was the best of all; for they liked nothing so well as to look up at the white flakes falling fast and thick, like down from the breasts of millions of white bears; and to see how smooth and deep the drift was; and to listen to the hush upon the path and roads.

They had plenty of the finest toys in the world, and the most astonishing picture books, all about similar and turbans, and dwarfs and giants, and gnomes and fairies, and blue-beards and bean-stalks, and rich and clever and forests, and Valentines and Orson; and all new and all true.

But one day of a sudden, the traveller lost the child. He called to him over and over again, but got no answer. So he went upon the road, and went on for a little while without meeting anything, until at last he came to a handsome boy. So he said to the boy, 'What do you do here?'

And the boy said, 'I am always learning. Come and learn with me.'

So he learned with that boy about Jupiter and Juno, and the Greeks and the Romans, and I don't know what and learned more than I could tell. He forgot a great deal of it. But they were not always learning; they had the merriest games that ever was played. They rowed upon the river in summer, and skated on the ice in the winter; they were active about and active on horseback; at cricket and all games at ball—at prize-money, bare and bounds, follow my leader, and more sports than I can think of; nobody could beat them. They had holidays, too, and Twelfth cakes too, and parties where they danced all night till midnight, and real theatres where they saw pieces of real gold and silver rise out of the earth, and saw all the wonders of the world at once. As to friends, they had such dear friends, and so many of them that I want the time to reckon them up. They were all young, like the handsome boy and were never to be strange to one another all their lives through.

Sit, one day, in the midst of all these pleasures, the traveller lost the boy who had lost the child, and after calling upon him in vain went on upon his journey. So he went on for a little while without seeing anything, until at last he came to a young man. So he said to the young man, 'What do you do here?'

And the young man said, 'I am always in love. Come and love with me.'

So he went away with that young man, and presently they came to one of the prettiest girls that ever was seen—just like Fanny in the corner there; and she had eyes like Fanny, and hair like Fanny, and dimples just as Fanny's, and she laughed and colored just as Fanny does while I am talking about her. So the young man fell in love directly—just as somebody I won't mention, the first time he came here, did with Fanny. Well! He was scared sometimes—just as Somebody used to be by Fanny; and they quarreled sometimes—just as Somebody and Fanny used to quarrel; and they made it up, and set in the dark, and wrote letters every day, and never were happy asunder, and were always looking out for one another and pretending not to, and were engaged at Christmas time, and sat close to one another by the fire, and were going to be married very soon—all exactly like Somebody I won't mention, and Fanny!

But the traveller lost them one day, as he had lost the rest of his friends, and after calling to them to come back, which they never did, went on upon his journey. So he went on for a little while without seeing anything, until at last he came to a middle-aged gentleman. So he said to the gentleman, 'What are you doing here?'

And his answer was, 'I am always busy. Come and be busy with me.'

So when he began to be very busy with that gentleman, and they went on through the wood together. The whole journey was green at first, like a wood in spring; and now began to be thick and dark, like a wood in summer; some of the little trees that had come out earliest, were even turning brown. The gentleman was not alone, but had a lady of about the same age with him, who was his wife; and they had children, who were with them too. So they went on together through the wood, cutting down the trees, and making a path through the branches and the fallen leaves, and carrying burdens, and working hard.

Sometimes they came to a long, green avenue that opened into deeper woods—Then they would hear a very little distant voice crying, 'Father, father, I am another child! Stop for me!' And presently they would see a very little figure, growing larger as it came along, running to join them—When it came up, they all crowded round it, and kissed and welcomed; and then they all went on together.

Sometimes they came to several avenues at once, and then they all stood still, and one of the children said, 'Father, I am going to sea,' and another said, 'Father, I am going to India,' and another, 'Father, I am going to seek my fortune where I can,' and another, 'Father, I am going to Heaven!' So, with many tears at parting, they went, solitary, down those avenues, each child upon its way; and the child who went to Heaven, rose into the golden air and vanished.

Whenever these partings happened, the traveller looked at the gentleman, and saw him glance up at the sky above the trees, when the day was beginning to decline, and the sunset to come on. He saw, too, that his hair was turning gray. But they never could rest long, for they had their journey to perform, and it was necessary for them to be always busy.

At last, there had been so many partings that there were no children left, and only the traveller, the gentleman and the lady, went upon their way in company. And now the wood was yellow; and now brown; and the leaves, even of the forest trees, began to fall.

So they came to an avenue that was darker than the rest, and were pressing forward on their journey without looking down it, when the lady stopped.

'My husband,' said the lady, 'I am called.'

They listened, and they heard a voice, a long way down the avenue, saying, 'Mother, mother!'

It was the voice of the first child who had said, 'I am going to heaven!' and the father said, 'I pray not yet. The sunset is very near. I pray not yet.'

But the voice cried, 'Mother, mother!' without minding him, though his hair was now quite white, and tears were on his face.

Then the mother, who was already drawn into the shade of the dark avenue, and moving away with her arms still round his neck, kissed him and said, 'My dearest, I am summoned, and I go!' And she was gone.

And the traveller and he were left alone together.

And they went on and on together, until they came to very near the end of the wood; so near that they could see the sunset shining red before them through the trees.

Among the branches, the traveller lost his friend. He called, and called, but there was no reply; and when he passed out of the wood, and saw the peaceful sun going down upon a wide purple prospect, he came to an old man sitting on a fallen tree. So he said to the old man, 'What do you do here?'

And the old man said, with a calm smile, 'I am always remembering. Come and remember with me.'

So the traveller sat down by the side of the old man, face to face with the serene sunset; and all his friends came softly back and stood a round him. The beautiful child, the handsome boy, the young man in love, the father, mother, and child; every one of them was there, and he had had nothing. So he loved them all, and they all honored and loved him. And I think the traveller must be yourself dear grandfather, because it is what you do to us, and what we do to you.

### MY SCISSORS.

BY FRANCIS DANA GAGE.

'Good morning, Mrs. Wicks,'—hops I see you well, this morning?'

'Well, yes, pretty well—all but my hand.'

'Your hands! What's the matter with your hands;—not been scalding them, I hope?'

'No—worse than that; I have got them all blistered up, trying to cut out the children's fall clothes with my old scissors. I've had 'em ten years, and they're just as dull as a hoe, and every time I cut a round about, shirt, or pair of pants, I have just such a time of it. Susan Willard is sewing for me now, and I wanted to get my cutting done while my hand was in, so I just wanted to see if you would not lend me your nice large tailor shears a day or two, for I won't do another thing with mine for a week to come.'

'Really, Mrs. Wicks, I would like to accommodate you, but I am very busy with mine just now, cutting rugs for my carpet, and could not possibly spare them without great inconvenience.'

'Well, I don't know what I'll do—I can't cut out any more with mine, and Susan has only two weeks to stay. Do you know of any one that has a good pair?'

'No, I do not. Would it not be better for you to purchase a good pair? I could hardly get along without mine for a single day, without feeling the want of them.'

'What did yours cost?'

'Two dollars and a half.'

'And you have the five dollars in your possession?'

'Yes, and we thought we would get trimmings at Grant's. That beautiful royal purple, with the orange edge; it's a love of a ribbon, and so cheap, only seventy-five cents a yard.'

'My dear Mrs. Wicks, let me give you a new idea. Would your husband complain if you should trim your bonnets with ribbon worth half that sum, and appropriate the balance to the purchase of a good pair of scissors?'

'No, of course he would not; but who, I'd like to know, is going to make themselves the town talk for the sake of gratifying a husband's whim?'

'Do it to gratify yourself—to add to your own comfort. My bonnet trimmings—and all I don't believe the town will trouble itself one bit about it. Town-talk or no talk, you may be sure I'll never run about with my fingers in rags while I can save the price of a pair of scissors in one bonnet trimming. Now, don't be offended, Mrs. Wicks, I know you really think you can't get along any other way than just as you do—but if you will only make the effort to economize in your items of dress, &c. you will soon find yourself amply supplied with all these little household conveniences, which you seem so much to want, and my word for it, your husband will not make half the objection to furnishing money for usefuls that he now does for the purchasing of non-essentials.'

'Now, there is neighbor Pennyman's wife flourishing in a fifteen dollar crape shawl, but her girls complain that she has to borrow wash-tubs, weekly; and that Mrs. P. says that it is all Mr. Pennyman's fault.'

'Why, Mrs. Smith, I thought you were a Woman's Rights woman.'

'And so I am, but I assure you I am no advocate for woman's injustice and folly, and while I feel that the law of the land, in common justice, greatly oppresses woman, I also feel that she oftentimes greatly oppresses herself, and lays heavier burdens upon her own heart than she herself is willing to bear, and to excuse her own weakness of purpose, her own foolish love of display, lays all the blame upon her husband, who would willingly indulge every reasonable desire, and only frowns when ungenerous demands are made upon his means.'

'Well, I don't know—Mr. Wicks seems more willing to give me money for dress than anything else.'

'Is not that because he does not see a distinction, because he feels that he can make you happier than in any other way? Try the experiment, Mrs. Wicks. Tell him you will reserve half your usual expenses for household conveniences, and if he does not fill your purse with a more cheerful heart, I am much mistaken in him. Begin on the scissors, and if he makes one word of objection, I will agree to change with you for a week, and wear my hands to blisters on your old ones.'

'Well, I'll try this once. Good morning.'

'Good morning, Mrs. Wicks.'

Mrs. Wicks went home, and when her husband came in to dinner, the first thing that took his attention was a beautiful pair of polished steel scissors, not worth less than two dollars.

'Whose are these?—been borrowing against Sarah?'

'No,' replied Mrs. Wicks. 'I blistered my hands yesterday with my old ones, and I concluded I would wear my old, long winter trimmings, and have me a good pair of scissors for my work. Don't you think they are nice ones? I thought you would not care how I spent my money.' Her voice was kinder than usual.

'Of course not,' he replied. Nothing further was said. In the evening, instead of going out, he drew up his chair by the work-table.

'Ain't you going down street?' said Rosina.

'No, I believe not to-night; I like the click of your maid's new scissors, and if I go down street I am afraid they will lose their pleasant tone.'

Mrs. Wicks did not look up—her heart was full—for just then a little roll of royal purple with orange edge—cheap at seventy-five cents, fell into her lap.—Ohio Farmer.

STATESMEN—Gentlemen who secure the respect of other people by losing all respect for themselves. There are few great men in this or any other country, whose knowledge of the world was not purchased by losing all hopes for the next one.

'Will you take this Illinois man to be your wedded wife?' asked an Illinois magistrate of the masculine of a couple who stood up before him.

'Well, squire, you must be a taral green hand, to ax me such a question as that ar.—Do you think I'd be such a plucky fool as to go to the bar hunt, and take the gal from the quilling frolic, if I wasn't conscientiously certain and determined to have her?—Drive on with your business and don't ask such foolish questions.'

### Abolishing the Liquor Traffic.

We are in receipt of a Tract, entitled—'Reasons for abolishing the Liquor Traffic, addressed to the People of Virginia; by Lucian Minor.' A personal acquaintance with the distinguished Author—a gentleman of eminence in legal abilities and an extensive practitioner in the Courts of Virginia—assured us before we perused the Tract, that we should find strong, irrefutable arguments, and an impregnable array of statistical information in the 'Reasons' urged therein for the abolition of the nefarious traffic. Nor were our anticipations disappointed. The Tract is equally applicable and interesting to our own State. We make the following extract from the Tract:—

By the SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

It is the great duty of Society, to protect itself and its people against wrong and evil; whether coming by violence, or fraud, or perniciosity and corrupting influences. This is a chief end—nay, it is the End—for which Society and Governments are formed. Society, or the State, through its Legislature, should protect its citizens against what ever threatens their lives, property, morals, peace, or happiness. No sane man ever deemed such a protecting law 'invasive of individual right, or freedom,' because no sane man ever deemed freedom to be the right of doing mischief with impunity.

Your Code teems with instances of such legislation: forbidding practices of which none, nor all put together, are a thousandth part so destructive to health, property, morals, peace, happiness, and life, as the Liquor Traffic.

An amiable and excellent lawyer,—a husband and a father—in 1809, was killed in a duel. Our Legislature immediately passed the stringent law, not only declaring it murder to kill in a duel, but making whoever should send, accept, or carry a challenge, incapable of holding office; and requiring from every man elected to any office, an oath that he had not violated that law, and would not violate it while he should hold the office.

I affirm, without hazard of just contradiction, that for every Virginian as much loved and respected as that lawyer, who has fallen in a duel, more than a thousand such have died of strong-drink, made and sold for lure!

Again—in 1838, a young man having killed another with a pocket-pistol, in a conflict which the slayer had sought and was prepared for—though a jury acquitted him—your excited Legislature forbade any person about him a pistol, dirk, or other such weapon, hidden from common observation. Because he might, perhaps, in a passion, shoot or stab somebody.—It may be doubted, if the practice of carrying concealed weapons has caused, in this Commonwealth, since its foundation, five, or even three deaths per annum.

To import, print, sell, publish, or distribute any look or other thing containing obscene language, or any print, figure, or description, manifestly tending to corrupt the morals of youth; or to introduce into any family or place of education [i. e. a school] or to buy, or have in possession any such thing for sale, exhibition, or circulation, or with intent to introduce it into any family or place of education; is punishable by a year's imprisonment, and a fine of \$500.

To establish or conduct any Lottery, or sell any Lottery ticket, is totally prohibited by the Constitution of Virginia; and is made severely punishable by an act of 1852.

If any of you set up or promote a lottery or traff, or knowingly permit it in any house under his control, or permit the sale there of any lottery ticket, &c.

Other forms of gaming are not less stringently prohibited:—

If any of you keep or exhibit certain sorts of gaming tables [though it be in his own private dwelling, or parlor, or dining-room, for the mere amusement of his family or guests]—or permit them to be kept or exhibited on any premises that you occupy—or act as door-keeper, or watch, for such faro-bank or table—or hinder or delay the lawful arrest of the keeper or exhibitor, or the seizure of the table, bank or money;—the penalty may be imprisonment for a year, and a fine of \$1,000.

The table or faro bank, and all money staked, or exhibited to allure persons to bet, may be seized by order of a court or warrant of Justice; the money shall be forfeited, and the table and faro-bank burnt.

You are forbidden by your laws to do numberless other things that it would seem your clear, natural right to do,—because your doing them would, or might interfere, or lead to interference, with the rights or enjoyments of others, or with good morals, good policy, or the decencies of life.

You are forbidden—

To lend your money, or other thing, at more than six per cent. interest; on pain of forfeiting double the value lent.

To beat cruelly, or torture any horse or other beast—even your own.

To labor on the Sabbath, or employ your servants, &c., except in household or other work of necessity or charity.

To curse or swear profanely.

Knowingly to sell diseased or unwholesome provisions, whether meat or drink, without making it known to the buyer.

To export oysters, not pickled or planted, from the waters of this State, between the 1st of May and September.

To shoot at or kill wild fowl during the night, except from the land; or to do so from a skiff, in three named counties.

To do many other things about fish, fowl, and other game, too numerous to specify. See the Code, pages 450, 1, 2, 3.—High penalties, ranging from 50 to 500 dollars, attend these prohibitions. Parts of the proceedings are an arrest of the offender, and a seizure and sale of his boat, skiff or vessel, with its tackle and appurtenances, to pay the fine and costs.

One of you cannot make a mill-dam upon his own land, though the stream rises in that land, without leave of court, after a verdict of a jury expressly saying that certain injuries to neighbors will not result.

Nor, when he has built his mill, can he refuse to grind any grain brought to be ground, in its due turn; nor take above one eighth as toll.

One of you must not inoculate himself, or another, or suffer himself to be inoculated, with the small-pox, unless at a lawful hospital. Fine, not exceeding \$300.

If he is knowingly infected with any dangerous infectious disease, or has lately had it, but has not had his person and clothes perfectly cleansed; he must not go into the company of any other who is liable to be infected; and must retire from a public road or street on a passenger's approach, or warn him of the danger.

What have been here cited, are but a few of our Code's enactments, that restrain individual freedom, for the public good; in fulfillment of the State's duty, to be the guardian of her people's lives, interests, and happiness. No more are cited, for fear of needless tiring you.

It is remarkable, that most of our penal laws, thus restraining us all, level their prohibitions and penalties exclusively at 'free persons.' They commonly begin with 'No free person shall'—or 'If any free person do so and so; as if in derision of those who fancy freedom to consist in the right of doing wrong without check or punishment.

There are two enactments, that have a particularly close resemblance to that section of the proposed Law, which will cause the offending liquor to be searched for and destroyed. Both of those Virginia enactments provide for search-warrants; and the second of them a search warrant for liquor unlawfully kept for sale.

A Justice, upon complaint on oath, shall issue a search-warrant for (1) counterfeit coin, forged bank notes, or instruments or materials for making them; (2) obscene books, pictures, &c., forbidden by § 11, of the Code; (3) Lottery tickets, or materials unlawfully provided for drawing a lottery; or (4) Any gaming apparatus, or implements used, or provided for, in any place resorted to for unlawful gaming. The things when seized, shall be safely kept by the Justice or a court, to be used in evidence; and as soon as may be afterwards, be burnt or otherwise destroyed, under such direction.

2. By the Virginia Acts of 1851, p. 7. If any but a manufacturer offer for sale any vicious or spirituous liquor, without first paying for and obtaining a license as required by law; any Justice, on information given him by any person [it need not be on oath] shall issue an attachment directed to any sheriff or constable in his county, commanding him to search for and detain the article offered, or enough of it to pay the taxes and costs; and the officer shall sell, after reasonable notice of time and place.

This last act (which was passed some two months before the famous Maine Liquor Law) requires no summons to the unlawful seller, and gives him no means or opportunity for defending himself as the Maine Law does, and as our proposed Law will do. And, less beneficent than these Laws, it continues to circulate the liquor, instead of destroying it.

The many striking analogies between all the Laws here quoted, and the proposed Law against the Liquor-Traffic, settle the question (so far as numerous precedents can settle it) as to the rightful power of the Legislature to pass such a Law. But the never doubted and constantly exercised power of that Body to restrain and regulate the Traffic by the License-system, proves the right to prohibit the Traffic. For if our law-givers can forbid all except a dozen persons in a large county to sell; or all but those who pay a tax and obtain a court's approval; they may forbid the sale entirely.

There is, however, still higher reason for saying they have that power. Three of the United States having passed laws that forbade the sale of intoxicating liquor except in large quantities, and on licenses granted by public authorities; many retailers denied the constitutionality of those laws; and the cases (called The License Cases) came before the Supreme Court at Washington.—[See 5 Howard's Reports, p. 504—633.] Six of the judges gave detailed and clear opinions for the Laws, and the seventh concurred with them, all sustaining the right and constitutional power of a State to prohibit altogether the sale of intoxicating drinks in their borders.

These views and opinions put at rest all doubts as to the constitutionality of the prohibitory law.

[We shall continue our extracts from this powerful Southern Tract.]

\*The Law of N C on this subject, contains similar provisions.

DISCOVERY OF GOLD IN VIRGINIA.—We learn from Lynchburg (Va.) Express that a few days ago a party of hunters, engaged in digging after a fox, which had burrowed in a cliff on Pine Creek discovered a vein of quartz mingled with a yellow mineral. A specimen of the mineral was sent to Mr. Scott, a silversmith, in Jacksonville, who, after assaying it, pronounced it gold. The vein is eight feet wide, eleven inches thick an unknown length. A solid foot of the quartz will yield upon an average, sixteen dollars. The fortunate owner of the cliff is Mr. J. Epperly.

Benedict Arnold never married until he was forty years of age, and see what an end he made.—Exchange.

Yes, but we never heard of Arnold doing anything but until after he was married.

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To do many other things about fish, fowl, and other game, too numerous to specify. See the Code, pages 450, 1, 2, 3.—High penalties, ranging from 50 to 500 dollars, attend these prohibitions. Parts of the proceedings are an arrest of the offender, and a seizure and sale of his boat, skiff or vessel, with its tackle and appurtenances, to pay the fine and costs.

One of you cannot make a mill-dam upon his own land, though the stream rises in that land, without leave of court, after a verdict of a jury expressly saying that certain injuries to neighbors will not result.

Nor, when he has built his mill, can he refuse to grind any grain brought to be ground, in its due turn; nor take above one eighth as toll.

One of you must not inoculate himself, or another, or suffer himself to be inoculated, with the small-pox, unless at a lawful hospital. Fine, not exceeding \$300.

If he is knowingly infected with any dangerous infectious disease, or has lately had it, but has not had his person and clothes perfectly cleansed; he must not go into the company of any other who is liable to be infected; and must retire from a public road or street on a passenger's approach, or warn him of the danger.

What have been here cited, are but a few of our Code's enactments, that restrain individual freedom, for the public good; in fulfillment of the State's duty, to be the guardian of her people's lives, interests, and happiness. No more are cited, for fear of needless tiring you.

It is remarkable, that most of our penal laws, thus restraining us all, level their prohibitions and penalties exclusively at 'free persons.' They commonly begin with 'No free person shall'—or 'If any free person do so and so; as if in derision of those who fancy freedom to consist in the right of doing wrong without check or punishment.

There are two enactments, that have a particularly close resemblance to that section of the proposed Law, which will